

ON THE RIVER.

Come let us take a row upon the river! The sun is up, the moon is cool and clear—

CRUSADER.

A snowy March day. Outside the clouds pouring out their white, biting little tormentors into the raging wind,

All this indoors; and still, out in the chill cutting winds, the snow, ankle deep in the slush of the city's thoroughfares,

"No emptier than that!" says the young man opposite holding aloft a netted purse, the work of fair, loving fingers,

"Bad as that." Can anything be worse?" comes in hoarse echo from the youth of twenty years.

"Surely," says Roy, looking at him with a tinge of surprise in his fine gray eyes;

"My lad," and Roy's voice lowered itself insensibly, "listen to me. There is your money! I return it to you on two conditions,

"You have my promise to stop all; may I not," looking eagerly into Denzil's meditative eyes,

But the boy at his side kneels down, and leaning above a chair cushion, he presses the little purse to his lips and weeps great tears of remorse.

vously near him—a bejeweled hand as white and shapely as a woman's—and kisses it raptuously.

"Little fool!" says Roy, snatching it from him angrily.

"The clock above the mantle rings out four hasty peals. Outside the snow comes dashing against the pane and pile up a white rift in every corner.

Along a grand avenue walks Roy Denzil, full of bitter thoughts and pitiful fancies. Ah, what might have been!

"Thank you Uncle Ned! I'll go to the library. Miss Marjorie is there you say?"

"Roy passes through the long, richly-carpeted hall, where he used to run riot in the days of early boyhood,

"Marjorie!" and a tenderness thrills in the voice that calls her name.

"Good-evening, Mr. Denzil," she says, after a moment's pause, cool and calm as the marble bust behind her

"Not going back to-night, Roy?" "I am, indeed, lady mother," pulling his tawny mustache unweasly.

"Come, Marjorie, drink with me to Royal's health." "Is he sick?" she asks, gazing up at him in half nock, half serious gravity.

In a moment he is beside her as she enters the library.

"Royal Denzil, I implore you not to go away from here to-night! I feel a horrible presentiment—what it is I cannot tell!

"But the wine is his master, and he knows not what he does save that there is a fierce exultation in feeling that he is opposing her wishes.

"Good-night little Prim; won't you kiss me once before I go?" Her lips touched obediently the fevered brow bent low for her caress;

"Curse the beast!" ejaculated Roy, cutting her sharply with his riding whip. "Go on, Prince! Get up! You won't, eh?"

And three feet further on his hand finds no ground beneath its groping touch—nothing save empty air.

When it comes to Roy's confused sense that the bridge has fallen and that he has been urging his horse to take him to his destruction, the emotions

"Do you mean it little Prim? Thank God! But, my sweet—" John, the groom, having heard this much of their conversation,

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"Howard Sinclair! Yes; I love him truly and devotedly! Leonard Tubare says that Howard cares only for my money.

A Distinguished Hero.

In New York Major general Hancock and his son, Russell, called to pay their respects to General Harney, and General Hancock laughingly reminded him of an incident in which his son and General Harney figured.

"A reporter had a long and pleasant chat with the general, who when he visited, towered considerably above his visitor, his height being six feet three inches, and his figure still erect and soldierly.

"No, I was born at Haysborough, near Nashville, Tenn. Down there the boys indulge in athletic sports, and as a rule grow up to be pretty strapping fellows.

"How many wars have you served in, general?" "Oh, I don't know," laughed the general, "I don't care to talk about my own services."

"Let me see," said Mrs. St. Cyr. "The general was in the Seminole war in Florida, in the Black Hawk war, in a war with the Sioux, in which he fought a bloody battle at Ash Hollow on the Blue Water, in the Mexican war and in the late civil war.

Subsequently General Harney spoke kindly of the Indians, and told how he came near hanging an Indian agent for swindling them.

Prior to and long after the Mexican war he was actively engaged in fighting hostile Indians, in which he won extraordinary distinction. He had command of the expedition against Brigham Young in 1858, but learning that Harney intended to hang Young and his twelve apostles, he was relieved by the secretary of war, and General Johnston succeeded him.

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"Howard Sinclair! Yes; I love him truly and devotedly! Leonard Tubare says that Howard cares only for my money. But, pshaw! what a goose I am! As if Howard could be so mercenary!"

Many would have pronounced him a handsome man, "only this, and nothing more!" But could Grace Allison have seen that strange glittering in his jet-

A Distinguished Hero.

black eyes, she would have deferred her ride forever.

"A wild, mocking laugh was his only answer, and obeying the voice of their master, the beautiful boys sprang forward with lightning speed.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Poverty of the soul is worse than that of fortune. Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood. Wise men care not for what they cannot have.

Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking. The most dangerous of all flattery is the inferiority of those about us.

To gain wealth does not make us happy; to lose it makes us miserable. A good reputation is like an icicle—it if it once melts, that's the end of it.

There are times and circumstances in which not to speak out is at least to connive. They who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

It is one proof of good education and of true refinement of feeling to respect antiquity. A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases our joints wonderfully. A virtuous name is the precious only good for which queens and peasants' wives must contend together.

Human nature is pliable, and perhaps the pleasantest surprises of life are found in discovering the things we can do when forced. Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

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